Proclamation by the Governor.

...ses S. Grant died on the ... 23d of July, ... the loss of an illustrious ... history is written in the hearts ...

... affection will rear a monu... ...ument will be a fitting tribute ... the sleep beneath, but his eter... ...it will be the Union of States ... with his genius and the bravery ... The most glorious tribute ... history will be the love and sor... ...of freemen.

... the dust of ages shall cover with ... the names and histories of his ... there will still stand in the ... centuries, clear and bright, ... and fame of ULYSSES S. GRANT, ... leader of the Union Armies.

... behalf of the people of this State, I ... request, immediately upon his de... ...that the public buildings in ... under our flags at half-mast, and ... public the profound sorrow ... ...thy of our people.

... waited until the time and place of ... determined and the arrange... ...so far perfected as to enable ... further action.

All the regiments and battalions of the National Guard of the State have expressed their desire to parade in the funeral procession.

The Grand Army of the Republic in this State, under its Department Commander, will form part of the mighty army of mourners that will follow the hero to his grave.

The Governor and Staff, the State officers and a committee of the Senate and General Assembly will accompany the remains to their final resting place.

I deem it proper to set apart the day of the funeral for services in honor of the deceased. In taking this action I give expression to the wishes of all the citizens of the State.

Therefore, I, LEON ABBETT, Governor of the State of New Jersey, do hereby direct that on SATURDAY, THE EIGHTH DAY OF AUGUST, all public buildings shall be closed and draped in mourning; and I earnestly request all our citizens to desist from all worldly employments, and devote the day to appropriate religious services and such other demonstrations of sorrow and respect as are fitting to the occasion and the memory of the illustrious dead.

Given under my hand and privy seal at Trenton, this first day of August, A. D. 1885.

LEON ABBETT,
Governor.

ATTEST:
WILLARD C. FISH,
Private Secretary.

SUNSET.

And now on my last cruise I go,
And in a lonely quest;
Yet the wind wakes; the strong tides flow,
...to the west.
—Mr. S. Morris Hulin is ...
...cute orders for printing at THE CITI...

—Mr. James C. Beach and Mr. ...
...

Yet many a golden isle may rise,
And many a guiding star,
Or happy shores of Paradise,
Where our beloved are.

The Eastern sky looks bleak and cold,
But day is nearly done;
My boat rocks in a track of gold—
I follow the setting sun.

Good-by for ever, love! and yet—
What may the darkness hide?
Or sea or land, if we two met,
I should be satisfied.

—*M. Kendall, London Magazine of Art.*

Selecting Books.

Beginners in choosing a library will do well to observe the following rules:

1. Set apart a fixed sum, in proportion to your income, and spend that and no more for books.
2. Always devote a portion of your money to acquiring works of reference.
3. Never buy worthless books; and always know that the books you purchase are of the best edition.
4. Avoid buying too many books of any one class.
5. Do not, at least until you possess a fair show of books, be deluded into buying entire sets of an author.
6. Do not spend any considerable sum on magazines.
7. Be particular as to the binding of your books.
8. Keep a catalogue of your books, entering in pencil inside of each volume the date of purchase and the cost, and in the catalogue all particulars as to loans.
9. Take care to read what you buy, and buy only what you read.

To all those desirous of possessing a tasteful souvenir of M. Bartholdi's great "Statue of Liberty," the monograph by the sculptor himself and published by the North American Review commends itself. The history of the statue and the methods employed in its construction are fully told and described, several well executed illustrations of different portions of the statue making the statements of M. Bartholdi the more comprehensive. A steel engraving of the great work, as it will appear when completed, is given as a frontispiece, as is also a photograph of the sculptor and author. The pamphlet is published for the benefit of the fund, and can be obtained upon receipt of 75 cents at the office of the Review, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

Herbert Spencer is persisting in his task of instructing a wayward world what a religion ought to be.

Some Literary Ladies.

MISS ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS is slight and extremely graceful in figure, and has a refined face. There is, however, a sadness in the eye which tells of sorrows which the owner has undergone. She possesses an indescribable charm of person and manner arising from the extreme unworldliness and loveliness of her nature. She is very charitable, and to the poor people of Andover, her home, she is known as an unselfish and helpful friend. Miss Phelps spends much of her time trying to educate the poor, who treat her with the greatest respect and admire her for her simplicity.

GAIL HAMILTON, says a correspondent, is thirty-nine. She looks considerably younger, however, owing to her small stature, expressive features and vivacity of manner. Though plain, she is not at all homely, and I have heard persons call her handsome when her face is animated. She is a brilliant talker and a great social attraction at Senator Blaine's Washington house, where she makes her home during the political season. The wife of James G. Blaine is her cousin.

RHODA BROUGHTON lives the greater part of her time in the beautiful vale of Clwyd, Wales, and has doubtless derived her love of scenery and her power of describing it from constantly having before her the mountains and vales of that beautiful country. Miss Broughton is about thirty years of age, spiritual in expression, with a light, quick, impatient manner. Her face is an intellectual one, with an appearance of will and active imagination. She has a good figure, of about the average height.

MARY MAPES DODGE, editor of the St. Nicholas, is a handsome brunette, below the middle size and quite stout, the embodiment of vivacity and merriment. She is a veritable humorist, seeing everything at a droll angle, and telling stories that keep her hearers in a gale of laughter. So rarely is she serious that strangers have no conception of her depth of feeling and strength of character. She has two boys arrived at man's estate, and as they are taller than their mother, no one who did not know would suppose that they belonged to her. She was married very young, and is now but little over forty.

A Healthy Climate.

Papua is the paradise of birds, Natal of large quadrupeds, Surinam of snakes, Java of butterflies, but Borneo of crocodiles. On a river-island, hardly a mile in length, Professor Keppel counted not less than 740 of these eupeptic pets. But the climate in which, as reported several years ago, things have got most mixed, is New Holland, where it is summer when it is winter in Europe, and *vice versa*; where the cold; where the humblest house is fitted up with cedar and mahogany, and myrtle is burned for fuel; where the swans are black, and the eagles white; where the kangaroo, an animal between a squirrel and a deer, has five claws on its fore-paws, and three talons on its hind-legs, and yet hops on its tail; where the mole lays eggs and has a duck's bill; where there is a bird with a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue; where there is a fish one half belonging to the genus *Raia* and the other half to that of *Squalus*; where the pears are made of wood with the stalk at the broader end; and where the cherry grows with the cherry-stone outside.

—The storm on Monday was very de... ...ture of buck... ...ceive in the Montgomery ... ...ment in the Whitecastle ...

Laconic.

A laconic correspondence between President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, has been recently discovered by a Washington correspondent, relative to a Chaplaincy in the army. It consists of a series of indorsements by Lincoln and Stanton on the back of the original application, and which ran over the available space, and down on a slip of paper which had been added to receive them. These were the indorsements, each being dated: "Dear Stanton: Appoint this man a Chaplain in the army. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln: He is not a preacher. E. M. Stanton." Three or four months elapse evidently, and then we have: "Dear Stanton: He is now. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln: But there is no vacancy. E. M. Stanton." "Dear Stanton: Appoint him a Chaplain at large. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln: There is no warrant of law for that. E. M. Stanton." "Dear Stanton: Appoint him anyhow. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln: I will not. E. M. Stanton." And he didn't. But apparently he told the applicant that he could leave his application on file, for there it is among the dry old documents—*Christian Hour.*

A biography of Gustave Dore is in preparation. Blanche Roosevelt, the author, bases the work upon personal knowledge, and upon material furnished by the artist's family. The book will contain five hundred pages and seven hundred illustrations, many of which are entirely new.

Mr. W. Davenport Adams, whose many valuable works of reference are well known to every student, has in press a "Dictionary of the Drama." It will prove to be a comprehensive guide to the plays, players, play-writers and play-houses of the United Kingdom and America. The book will be uniform with Brewer's Series.

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.—*Colton.*

GUESTS OF THE HOTEL.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN AND THE ROUNDER ARE ALWAYS WELCOME.

The Usual Programme of a Visitor—Difference in City Guests—What Countrymen Are Learning—Trouble with the Kickers.

[New York Sun.]

"The summer visitor is beginning to fill up the town," said the clerk of an up-town hotel as he leaned over the desk and twisted a lot of toothpicks into little frames and odd designs. "I notice there is a great improvement in the manners and appearance of the countryman since I went into the hotel business, thirty-two years ago. We no longer find that there is any necessity for putting up signs in all the rooms warning the guests not to blow out the gas, and the hat boy at the entrance of the dining-room does not call me over to see a queer collection of head gear since 1872. This hat boy of ours, by the way, is verging on his 50th year, and he is as shrewd a boy as they make them. He is a dried up little specimen, and thinks of nothing else but hats. He will take 1,000 guests, and return each hat to its proper owner three times a day for twenty years without making a mistake. Prior to 1872, he would rush out to the desk mysteriously and call me in to look at the collection of suburban hats. In those days countrymen, particularly southerners, felt that they would be sacrificing their self-respect if they adopted the custom of the town and wore garments that accorded with the prevailing mode. They were afraid of being considered popular swells, and preferred to be regarded as guys.

All that is changed, however. The traveling sale man, who is really responsible for the advance in civilization in America has disseminated fashionable hats, well-cut garments, and many of the lighter knickknacks, and the fashions that go to make up the dress of New York men until a change has been wrought everywhere. There are no end of good clothing-houses in New York and Philadelphia who have adopted the system of establishing branch houses in small towns. These big clothing houses make 10,000 suits of clothes and ship them all over the country to their agents. The clothes may be good, bad or indifferent, but the one unquestionable result is that the countrymen learn to dress. They used to come here in the middle of summer with black broadcloth frock coats, doe-kin trousers, heavy wai tcoats and boots. Now they dress more seasonably. It is very rare that a man comes to our house who is not presentably attired. Even in the streets one seldom sees the guys who formerly came in such vast numbers simultaneously with the hot weather."

"What is the usual programme of a visitor?"

"Well, if there is a burlesque show, profusely advertised and holding forth a promise of innumerable pink tights, rouged cheeks, high-heeled slippers, low-necked dresses and the like, it will gather in the countrymen with a force that no power on earth can resist. It does not make the slightest difference what the other attractions in town may be, who the visitor is, whether parson or plowman, he is sure to go to the burlesque shows. At 11 o'clock he comes in tired out and ready for bed. At 6 he is out in the corridor or in the smoking-room, picking his teeth and staring into the street. He never thinks of eating after the theatre is over, and eats his biggest meal in the middle of the day. He makes the best guest that the hotel can entertain, for he is quiet and unobtrusive and content with decent treatment. He has a morbid horror of running in debt, and is punctuality itself in the matter of payment. Take him all in all, our country cousin is a pretty square ... [illegible] ... hotels.

"After the country guests," the clerk continued, rolling over on his other elbow and balancing the penholder deftly on his first finger. "Our city guests consist of two distinct classes, kickers and rounders. The rounders are dear to our hearts. It is rather difficult to make them pay up at the end of the week, but they are liberal patrons of our house, keep the servants in good humor by feeing them often—this, by the way, is a thing the countryman never does—and increase the custom of the bar. Two or three well-known rounders will do more to pull up the business of the bar-room, if they reside in the house, than you would imagine. We have a Wall-street operator in this house who is known from one end of the house to the other. He tells good stories, is jolly and has grown rather fat. We put a big armchair in the cafe for his special benefit. After a big dinner every night he lights a monstrous cigar, waddles through here in order to crack some joke with the clerk, goes to the cafe, settles himself comfortably in the chair and remains there usually until it is time to go to bed. His bed-time is 1 a. m. It is not a very good habit for his health, but it is a rattling good thing for the house. His friends drop in to see him during the whole evening, and sometimes he has eight or ten men around the table. He stands the house in on an average about $20 a night.

"As a rule, the young men go outside for their fun, while the old rounders stay indoors. They wander from the billiard-room to the cafe, thence to the reading-room, make a call on some of the guests in the hotel, and finally drift off to bed. As I say, the rounders are our best customers. The kickers the more numerous. They are of every age, size, and sex, but most of them are of the feminine gender and about 40 years of age. Some of the women growl because the halls are scrubbed too early in the morning, others because they are not scrubbed enough. There is a continued complaint about the heat in winter and the drafts in summer, and the table is subject of merciless and endless criticism. Everybody knows that it is impossible to suit everybody in a hotel, but no one can have any idea of the extraordinary pretexts for complaints which exist, except a hotel clerk."

After a Good Dinner.

[Chicago Ledger.]

"But, Tommy, you really must not eat so much; you'll make yourself sick."

"No, I won't mamma."

"Yes, you will, you've already eaten so much I expect you feel uncomfortable."

"No, I don't mamma; I dis feel smooth."

Fitting Herself.

[Puck.]

A fashionable young lady was seen blacking her brother's boots the other morning, and the next day she helped to do the family washing. It is thought she is fitting herself to become the wife of an Italian count.

Cruelty to Coachmen.

[New York Sun.]

A magnificently-appointed victoria drew up in front of the house of a prominent physician on Fifth avenue during the intense heat of the hottest day last week, and a fashionably-dressed woman, who sat in the vehicle under the shade of a great parasol, rose languidly and passed into the house. It was about midday, and the sun beat down fiercely. There was no shade in the street.

On the box of the victoria sat a picture of mystery. He was the most proper of coachmen, laced tight, and perfectly erect. His heavy cloth coat fitted him like a kid glove, and his high hat, with his big cockade, was fixed firmly on his nose. His gloves were tanned leather, fashionable and thick. The sun seemed to concentrate its force upon him, and his high collar gave way early and became wavering and low. Beads of perspiration dripped with regularity from the tip of the chin of his arrogant mug, but the expression of sedate and solemn propriety never changed. A hackman who smoked a pipe, while he sat coatless within his yellow cab, gazed at the private coachman with serene contentment during the two hours that the coachman sat like a statue here.

FLORA AT THE OPERA.

FLOWERS SAID TO BE A PART OF THE SINGER'S PERQUISITES.

Chat with a Lady Who Presides in a Large Floral Establishment—Flowers an Expensive Luxury—Stage Presentation—At Work.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Poetry in our business!" exclaimed a leading florist in answer to the query of a reporter. "Well, yes, there is in a certain sense. As far as the business proper is concerned there is no room left for poetry. Cut flowers, bouquets and designs require so much care that the poetry is all taken out of the dealer. It may be all right for a customer who buys a fine design, or for the recipient of a floral offering, to marvel at the exquisite beauty of the colors and go into raptures over the delicate perfume, but a person who has to handle these beauties of creation in a moist state during ten hours of each working day, and on pressing occasions keep awake by force to finish the floral outfit for a wedding or for a wedding banquet, is very apt to find the work prosaic and tedious."

Then the gentleman was called away, and his sister, who presides over the retail department in the fashionable store, took up the thread of the discussion. "Flowers," said the lady, "are an expensive luxury. Take, for instance, a sash bouquet for a lady at a grand occasion, like a night at the opera festival. It is eminently proper that a gentleman should send the lady whom he accompanies a bouquet, but he can hardly afford to spend less than $5 for this purpose if he means to be in style. The lady herself might not go beyond $3. That is about the lowest price for a sash bouquet that looks like anything at this season of year."

"Could you give an approximate idea of the amount expended for flowers at an opera night?" queried the reporter.

"I should say that not less than $2,000 is expended for natural flowers on a first-class night; that is, when everybody that is anybody turns out. There are certainly not less than 500 sash bouquets in the house, ranging all the way from $1.50 to $5 and over. Then the management on such a night expends about $150 for flowers presented to the leading singers. They have to expend at least $50; it is a part of the contract. That takes the poetry out of the floral tributes to a prima donna, does it not? But, then, there are real admirers who spend as much more as the management does, and, strange to say, these admirers are not always wealthy people. There is an old German professor of vocal music. He is by no means well off in worldly goods, but he has, at our place alone, expended nearly $200 for flowers that were presented to Mme. Fursch-Madi."

"Then the big floral lyre which was presented to Mme. Patti at the 'Aida' performance must have cost a small fortune!" suggested the reporter.

"There is where you are probably mistaken," was the reply, "although from the way the diva carried on when she received the design one would think it had been made up of the rarest flowers. Most of these big designs are furnished by the management as part of the contract, and the raptures of the singers are mainly for show. So are the designs. Now the lyre, although four and a half feet high, cost only $50. It was made up of the cheapest material—smilax and roses. It was paid for by an ardent admirer of the diva, who seemingly went into ecstasies when she saw the card of the donor attached to one of the chords. You noticed that she kissed the card repeatedly in full view of the audience. If the lyre had not been so large, and consequently difficult to handle, it would have very likely shared the fate of the bouquet of magnificent 'Jack' roses which the diva received on the same ... [illegible] ... that after kissing the flowers passionately she threw them into the wings with that particular 'Patti jerk' which would suggest that she has some experience as a base ball pitcher. The big lyre was left for a day in Mme. Patti's dressing-room, and then it was carted away. That is the fate of most flowers presented on the stage. It is only on rare occasions that these beautiful children of the moment are carried to the boudoir of the singer. In most cases they are left to wither, unless some stage employe takes pity and places the flowers in water to keep for a day or two."

In a dark room, lighted by gas, back of the store where the conversation took place, about a dozen girls were hard at work winding flowers into wreaths, bouquettes, and baskets. The floral offerings were for a great party, and artificial light was employed so as to make the colors of the flowers to correspond to the occasion. "If we would select the flowers in daylight," said the lady, "the colors would not show off well under the gas-light." Flowers form one of the main items in the expense account for weddings, banquets and parties. Most of the cut flowers come from hot houses in the suburbs, but there is one wholesale firm dealing in cut flowers which receives daily by express flowers from all over the country, doing a flourishing business all the year around.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES IN SUMMER.

The Grain Is First Polished, Then Shucked, and then Ground Into Flour.

[New York Sun.]

While a down-town flour merchant watched an employe load a truck with buckwheat flour, the other day, he said: "You would hardly expect to see such a large sale of buckwheat as that at this time of the year, would you? The fact is the use of buckwheat is increasing. The restaurants here serve buckwheat cakes the year around, though it strikes a countryman as rather odd to see buckwheats in warm weather. The increased use of this flour is due to the great improvements in its manufacture within the last three or four years.

"When I was a boy the straw with the grain in the head was piled on the barn floor and pounded with a flail. The straw was then forked off and the grain swept into piles. When the wind was blowing briskly the grain was thrown into the air with shovels, so that the chaff could be blown away, and then the grain was ground between the old-fashioned milestones. The bran was separated from the meal by sifting with a wire-bottomed sieve. The first improvement was made when a silk bolting-reel was substituted for a wire-cloth sieve.

"After a great many years an old York state miller concluded that the meal would have less shuck or bran in it if the shuck could be removed from the berry before it was ground. To do that he run the grain through a series of corrugated rollers which simply cracked open the shuck and allow the kernel to drop out. The broken shucks and kernels were separated by screens, and thereafter buckwheat flour was about as white as any other. The demand for it increased rapidly, but it was not quite perfect, because the fine fuzz and dirt adhering to the outside of the berry fell through the screen with the kernels after the shuck had been broken open by the rollers of the shucker.

"To get rid of this it was necessary to polish each berry of the grain separately before it was shucked. The machine for doing this has just been put on the market. It consists of a cast-iron cylinder, say three feet long and one foot in diameter, which revolves within a jacket made of steel wire cloth. The cylinder is covered with square knobs a half inch large, which project to within a fraction of an inch of the jacket. The cylinder is set a-whirling at the rate of 750 revolutions a minute, and the grain, after passing over a screen to get the straw out, falls down between the jacket and the cylinder. There it goes around and around, knocking against the knobs and the jacket, an upward current of air carrying off the dust, until it falls out below as clean as a hound's tooth. Then it slides over a magnetized plate to remove any trace of metal before going into the shucker.

HIGH ART IN NECKTIES.

How They Are Made and Sold—Special Grades and Fabrics.

[Chicago News.]

"There are special grades and designs of silks and satins made exclusively for the necktie trade," said a manufacturer. "These materials are made from patterns designed by men who do nothing else than study up new things in neckties.

"I go to New York to look at new designs about once every two months. There are from fifty to seventy-five necktie factories in this country and ten or twelve first-class makers. The latter usually secure exclusive right to use certain styles of goods from the makers by buying either the entire stock offered to the American market or a large quantity of it. But the success of making up the goods is just like a lottery ticket. Perhaps one year I may make a hit on some particular design and it will become so popular that all the other makers will be forced to adopt it. But the next season some one in Boston or New York may make the hit and I will have to follow him. There's never any telling how a necktie is going to take with the public until it is put on the market. Then its success may depend altogether on who adopts it first. If he happens to be a bowling swell, and on the right side of popular favor, that particular kind of necktie will sell like all possessed."

"Are the styles of making up neckties originated abroad?"

"Not now. They were until less than three years ago, but our styles are so much superior to the European now that they are coming over here to get patterns. However, there is a tendency to English fashions for the fall."

"Are men or women employed to make up neckties?"

"Oh, women. There are 800 girls working at this business in Chicago alone. They work by the piece and make more or less money, according to their expertness. A good finisher can make $8 or $9 a week. She takes a necktie after it is put together and finishes each detail perfectly, so that it is ready to box. Three different colors of the same design, made in the same style, are boxed together to give a dealer an assortment in the one make. The finisher must see that all of this kind are exactly alike in point of finish and make-up. We have one girl who does nothing but turn the bands of neckties and who makes $15 a week. She is capable of turning twenty-five or thirty dozen bands each day.

"The 'cheap wear' now flooding the market is composed of old styles, made of poor goods, which the cheap trade in New York has succeeded in buying up and sending it all over the country. As a rule men show no discrimination in purchasing neckties. They look into a window, see a tie that takes their fancy, and then rush in to buy it, never stopping to ask the price. Thus, they are apt to buy one of the cheap kind that will not look well a week as one of better quality. A good necktie is the result of art and study. It can't be turned out for a song."

Those Red Top Boots.

[Shoe and Leather Review.]

Do you remember them—the first pair you wore? You can close your eyes and see them again—stiff and black and heavy soled. And what points of beauty in your eyes were those red tops and bright copper toes! The memory of them brings you back to that period in your life, where infancy passed into boyhood, and where dreams came to you of being a big man. They marked the beginning of your independence, of your strength, of your recognition as one of earth's creatures.

Better far, they brought surcease of ridicule, so galling to a boy's pride, for they came with pants and short hair in place of dresses and curls. How often have you gone sobbing to your mother, your heart full of grief and mortification, because a bigger boy had pulled your hair, and called you a girl! The changes came all at once. Mother ... [illegible] ... put the scissors into your soft curls, cut them off, kissed them and put them away. She was sorry to see the baby become a boy; but how your soul swelled! How you longed for the morning that you might wear them! How joyfully you cried out to little Billy Brown, across the street, that you had "pants and boots." And Billy probably answered sullenly: "I don't care," while all the time he was filled with envy.

Dear little boots! We revere your memory. You are to the boy what the sweetheart is to the youth; what the bride is to the man.

Fatality About Odlum, the Jumper.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"I'm not at all superstitious, I want you to understand," said Capt. Boynton as he sat with the Owl club the other night. "I do not come from a superstitious family, but my father had a peculiar superstition, and I suppose I inherit it. It's this: When a person knocks a glass off the table it's a sure indication of disaster. Many times in my life I have had occasion to prove the truth of this, but it never came so forcibly to me as it did in connection with Mr. Odlum, who was killed jumping off the Brooklyn bridge. The day before we were taking dinner together and he knocked off the salt-cellar, and it fell to the floor, breaking in pieces. 'For God's sake,' I said, 'Odlum, don't try that jump, give it up; that is ominous.' I begged him and entreated him, but he would not have it. He was bound to make that jump any how, and he met his fate."

"What stimulants do you use in your long voyages, captain?" asked the doctor of the club.

"Tea."

"No whisky?" with an air of incredulity, in which the club all joined.

"No, gentlemen; on my voyage down the Ohio I used whisky part of the way, found out I could only make eighteen and twenty-four-hour runs, but in tea I found I could easily go thirty-six hours, so now I use tea altogether."

The Lava Peaks of New Mexico.

[Philadelphia Record.]

The geological survey reports from northwestern New Mexico a multitude of needle-like peaks rising out of a broad valley bottom to the height of over 2,000 feet. They are composed of black basaltic lava, having a beautiful columnar structure like the basalt of the Giant's Causeway. They are remnants of lava which once rose up out of the earth through the strata and congealed in the volcanic pipes or vents.

In later periods the strata which enclosed them have been dissolved away and removed by the general erosion of the country, leaving these basaltic cores projecting many hundreds of feet in the air, as casts of the volcanic pipes or passages through which the ancient towers rose to the surface. Those which are just beginning to be disclosed in the mesa walls still have remnants of the old cinder cones upon their summits, while from those which are wholly or in greatest part excavated all traces of the cinder cones have disappeared. Thus the veritable roots of these ancient volcanoes are unearthed and laid open to the inspection of the geologist.

"Whistling Dick's" Commander.

[Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal.]

Ex-soldiers who were engaged in the siege of Vicksburg will be interested to know that the rebel lieutenant, Dick Agar, who had charge of the noted rifled gun, "Whistling Dick," on the bluff fronting the river, is dead. He committed suicide at New Orleans on the 4th inst., induced by low spirits and ill health. The battery commanded by Lieut. Agar consisted of "Whistling Dick" and a Blakeley rifle, and was more constantly occupied during the siege than any other rebel battery. This was due to the fact that they were better supplied with appliances for securing accuracy of fire. In fact they were almost the only guns whose execution was more than the result of guesswork. The news of the suicide of Lieut. Agar will produce a thrill of sorrow in the hearts of thousands who for the first time will hear his name. He was an Irishman by birth and was 63 years of age.

AMELIA FOLSOM.

THE RULE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FAVORITE, "NUMBER SEVENTEEN."

Not Pretty Nor Attractive, but Possessed of Naive Shrewdness and Tact—The Prophet Was Grievously Afraid of Her.

[Lisle Lester in New York World.]

Old Brigham Young had been gathered to his "sealed wives in glory" only about one year when his favorite—polygamous favorite, Amelia Folsom—stepped into another harem as number two in the household of a Mormon rank and official. Amelia Folsom was then about 28 years of age, and among the younger women of the Young harem. She was the first to re-enter polygamy after Brigham's death, and her "days of mourning" were probably long enough to add zest to the new courtship. As soon as Brigham "shuffled off" his mortality and passed behind that veil where a score of sealed divinities awaited him, the long-petted Amelia set about making "a change." She placed herself second in the new household. She found that he could not live in the same extravagance, as the property of her much married lord was subject to litigation, and secured her chance against disaster in her second polygamic marriage.

She went to Salt Lake City with her parents, who were converts to Mormonism in Council Bluffs, Ia., and emigrated therefrom in 1859. In 1861 Brigham had one of his convenient revelations to marry Amelia. She was not easily led into the family of sixteen other wives, and proved a refractory subject for Mormon courtship. Finally through what is called "counsel," otherwise the will of the prophet enforced, which every good Mormon will obey and regards as the word of superhuman prophecy, she became the seventeenth wife, and always held her place as his favorite. She is far from being an attractive woman and is without any special talents; but she is possessed of naive shrewdness and tact and was in constant employ in "moulding the old man" to her capricious will. She was the only one he ever seemed to be afraid of and she exercised her power accordingly. She was unpopular with the rest of the wives, who usually companioned well together; her unrefined, coarse nature stood out prominently beside the others.

It used to be a common remark among the more intelligent of his wives that the lack of refinement in Amelia and her taste for vulgar repartees and witticism was the main attraction that kept the old prophet at her side. He certainly enjoyed her society and was afraid of her tongue, which he knew she could use to his mortification and disadvantage, not only in his household, but in the church and wherever she might choose to do so. Unless everything went to suit her will, she made things for the prophet very lively. Her whims, freaks and high temper were all borne with uncomplaining patience by Brigham Young, while all the rest of the family wondered. For over all his wives and children he held a kind of dignified reserve and awe that made them all reticent and silent in his presence. Amelia was the only exception.

Some years prior to Brigham's death she was given a separate house and always made a better appearance in dress than any of the rest. She drove in her own carriage and was given the place of honor at the theatre in the prophet's private box, while his other wives and children occupied three tires of the best seats in the parquet. Other marks of honor fell to Amelia. She was the first partner in the dances they attended and was always seated in the chair of honor at his side at all banquets. His other "better pieces of wives" waited for such attentions as fell to their divided lot after the favorite was waited on. This marriage of the Mormon seer was highly disapproved by the church authorities at the time. No one considered Amelia a suitable person for the wife of a prophet.

Amelia Folsom has blue eyes that open at one in bold, steady defiance with a glance of naive cunning and shrewdness; medium height, a good figure, brown hair, straight, thin nose and generally tapering features. Her manner is free and familiar, rather boisterous at times, utterly regardless of the feelings of others, and she has a relish for gossip. She was always a cause of disturbance between the children of the other wives and the prophet, but, being the favorite, her intrigues were overlooked by her polygamous master.

One of her characteristic pastimes was spending a few hours with some of the less favored wives and indulging jokes and stories on Brigham—telling what he had confided to her, upon matters he did not expect to be spoken of. Some of this gossip relative to the "old man" she spiced up with her additions and merriment, always tending to make him as ridiculous as possible.

Amelia's open revolt to Brigham's authority was one of her chief boasts, and among his wives it was a common remark, "If one of us had said or done what Amelia did we should have heard of it before this." In her way she was as great a tyrant over him as he was over the church. Whatever she set her mind to do that she did, irrespective of his wish or opposition.

To have her enmity was dangerous to any person, man or woman, who depended for favor and prosperity on Brigham's favor. They knew Amelia's power over the prophet and stood in fear of her accordingly. Her home in Salt Lake City before Brigham's death was one of the best in the City of Saints. It stood opposite the Lion and Bee-Hive houses, and was the envy of others who felt the need and realized the value of sole possession and authority of one's own household that this favorite wife practically enjoyed.

To Prevent Pneumonia.

[Boston Physician in Congregationalist.]

As pneumonia is essentially a congestive disease, the best preventative measures are those which avoid the causes of congestion. Pulmonary congestion is favored by too heavy clothing worn in winter weather. A serious error is the supposition that a double set of flannels worn next the skin affords double protection. The fact is that in such a case the inner flannel absorbs all secretion and perspiration, which are there retained by the outer flannel. An almost poultice-like action is thus brought about, softening the skin and rendering it highly susceptible to the slightest exposure.

Over-heated, ill-ventilated rooms, and the sudden transition from these to the sharp outer air are other avoidable predisposing causes of the disease. He who uses a cold sponge bath with brisk rubbing every morning, who wears the lightest clothing consistent with comfortable protection, and keeps his living-rooms well ventilated and at a mean temperature of 68 degrees is employing the best preventive treatment of pneumonia known to sanitary science.

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